



Vol. II.

NOVEMBER, 1911.

No. 7.

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*Annual Subscription to THE CROSS, Three Shillings, post free.
 Business Letters to be addressed to the Manager, Mt. Argus, Dublin;
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Miscellanea.

THE well-known Anglican organ, *The Guardian*, referring in its issue of October 14th to what it calls the "significant comment on the Bishop of Ossory's recent charge concerning the danger to Church property under a Home Rule Bill" which appeared in our last number, quotes two sentences from our remarks, and then summarises our views by saying that we "hope and pray for the restoration of pre-Reformation buildings," and that we regard the large sums of Protestant money spent on preserving and restoring them as a Providential indication that they will one day again be ours. We suppose no one

can forbid us the luxury of indulging in hope and prayer—however ineffectual—for anything which we consider legitimate, whether it be the restoration of pilfered property to its rightful owners or the restoration of their lost wits to persons frightened out of them by the prospect of the Mother of Parliaments adding one more to her numerous offspring. And we suppose we are so far entitled to "assert Eternal Providence" as to suggest that there may be a more sacred significance than is at once apparent in the lavish expenditure of money on those cold and empty shells which were once the homes of the Blessed Sacrament. But it would have been less disingenuous to have given us credit for saying what we took care to say—that we did not believe such a thing as the transfer of those buildings from Protestant to Catholic hands was likely to come to pass, or that any claim for their transfer would be made.

* * * * * *

The reason we alluded at all to Dr. Bernard's address was that he endeavoured to make capital out of certain words used in an article on St. Patrick's printed in our pages—words which had reference not so much to any immediate future contingency as to rumours current at the time of the introduction of the Bill for the Disestablishment of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Ireland. Our "significant comment" had no further significance, and *The Guardian's* use of it is as much to be commended as its exploitation in the same column of the absurd "Shorten abduction" case which had been exploded a few days before in the Nonconformist *Daily Chronicle* by the Irish Protestant parson who writes novels as "George A. Birmingham," and who will not be suspected of any particular partiality for Catholics.

* * * * * *

But it is surely conceivable that there are other ways besides legislation or confiscation whereby property can change hands; and when it is remembered that in Ireland many homes of priest-hunters and persecutors of bygone days are now in the legitimate possession of Catholics, and that there are Protestants who look upon one of the Dublin cathedrals as more or less of a "white elephant," and would be glad to see it parted with—for a consideration, it is not such a great crime as it may seem to *The Guardian* to hope and pray that we may one day, even partially, come into our own again.

* * * * * *

The extreme nervousness of Dr. Bernard and *The Guardian* and other mouthpieces of official Protestantism about the danger to Church property under Home Rule, so far as it is sincere at all, has one manifest significance—that they have an uneasy consciousness, in spite of their protests to the contrary, that their title to such property is not particularly sound. When a man goes abroad with stolen clothes on his back or a stolen purse in his pocket, he is not unlikely to see danger at every street corner and a possible enemy in everyone he meets.

A Thought for November.*

I.

O Holy Souls, for whom we pray,
 Abide ye near, or far away?
 At times we think you very far;
 As when we watch the evening star,
 And muse if some be prison'd there—
 If penal world can shine so fair:
 Or when, on some still, tender night,
 The very moonlight seems a wrong—
 Shed from an orb of wreck and blight,
 Where moaning ghosts must wander long
 O'er barren plain and airless height,
 Beneath extremes of fiercer hold
 Than tropic heat or polar cold.

II.

Yet well I ween ye never leave
 This planet till the blissful hour
 When, durance o'er, ye cease to grieve
 And pass to realms of kingly power.
 But some beneath earth's surface keep
 Their darksome vigil; others roam
 The desert sands, the wind-swept deep;
 And some, more favoured, haunt the home
 Their childhood loved, or where they died.
 Yet all are purged and purified
 By pains intense we cannot guess—
 Or searching, sacramental fire,
 Or darkness to which night were day:
 What though they be at peace no less,
 And gladly suffer while they pray—
 Their thought of thoughts, their one desire,
 To *see* the God in Whom they live,
 The Infinite Beauty, and possess
 That All His Face alone can give.

EDMUND HILL, C.P.

* From "Passion Flowers,"

The Cavern of Fire.

BY LEO.

A MORE discontented being than myself it would have been very hard to find. Why it should have been so I really don't know, but the fact was there all the same; I was discontented, and, on that particular Saturday afternoon, in a more dissatisfied state of mind than usual.

Certainly my life was not one of the rosiest. Still it had been very much harder, and I had a lot to be thankful for.

Mother had died ten years previously, her small income ceasing with her death; so that I was left with nothing but my own earnings, which were by no means large, and an only sister, Nell, dependent upon me.

Taking some empty rooms, I kept what furniture we needed, and having sold the rest, placed the proceeds in the bank. For my great desire was to enter the priesthood, and I was anxious to save sufficient to place my sister in a secure position till she should be old enough to earn her own living.

Nell was then only nine, and very delicate; but I always assured myself that she would grow stronger as she grew older. In this, however, I was disappointed, for, as the years passed, she remained almost entirely under the doctors, none of whom seemed to be able to do her any practical good.

This had been a severe tax on my means, and several times I had been forced to dip rather heavily into our little savings. Then my employer failed, and I added another unit to the vast army of the unemployed. Weeks dragged into months, but I could get nothing to do; our little balance at the bank kept dwindling, and with it, all my hopes of the priesthood.

One day, however, just when things were at their worst, I was brought into contact with a young and most zealous Jesuit, who took a kindly interest in us, and through whom I soon obtained another appointment. My salary was miserably small, and I was often at my wit's ends to know how to make ends meet; but my new employer was a kind-hearted man, and getting to know that I had an invalid sister to support, he would often put some extra work in my way, whereby I was able to add a little to my income. He had also, on more than one occasion, sent Nell a present of fruit and wine.

Unfortunately we had several small but harrassing debts, incurred whilst I was out of a situation; and the continual plotting and planning to pay our way, together with the utter hopelessness of ever becoming a priest, had tended to make me dissatisfied with my lot. The spirit of discontent had grown upon me, till I had become despondent and bad tempered, often wounding poor Nell by my sharp manner and hasty words.

As I stood at the window, gazing moodily down into the street, Nell entered the room, ready dressed for the stroll through the park we usually took together on a Saturday afternoon; but, although she tried hard to persuade me to accompany

her, I was heedless of her gentle entreaty, and replied even more sharply than I had ever done before, not even troubling to turn round; but remained gazing out at the passers by, envying them all, deeming their lot a happier one than my own.

Presently she went out, I heard her close the front door; then, impatiently throwing myself down on the sofa, I lay brooding over my miseries.

I was sick to death of this humdrum life. Life, indeed! It was only existence; all my powers and talents were being wasted, and my life was useless. Yet how different it all could be! Oh! if only I had a really decent sum of money—just one of the many thousands wasted in drink and sin every year—what great things I could do. I could provide for Nell; could become a priest, and, oh! what a grand work I would do for God then. Why was He so hard? Why didn't He have pity on me, and give me the opportunity I so longed for, of doing something grand and noble for Him?

There was a knock; the next moment the door opened, and the landlady's voice announced—"A gentleman to see you, sir."

Rising from the sofa, I was surprised to see our old lawyer, from whom I soon learnt that our mother's youngest brother, who had run away from home, had amassed a large fortune in Australia, and had recently died, leaving all to his only sister or her children. The fortune amounted to somewhat over three thousand a year between us, and the lawyer, knowing our position, had come prepared to substantiate his good news by an advance of five hundred pounds for our immediate use, as it would be some few weeks before all the legal formalities could be arranged. He thereupon produced a small leather bag containing fifty pounds in gold and a roll of crisp bank notes; then making an appointment for us both to call at his office on Monday morning, and heartily congratulating me on our good fortune, he left.

Having accompanied him to the door, I returned to our little room and stood at the table, looking down at the gold and notes, like one dazed and dreaming. Then my eyes caught sight of Nell's almost empty purse, and, smiling to myself, I filled it as full as ever it would hold with golden sovereigns, and had only just replaced it on the table, when I heard the front door open, and her footstep across the hall. Hastily thrusting the roll of notes and remaining sovereigns into my pocket, I threw myself into a chair just as she entered the room.

How tired and jaded she looked, poor girl, as she sat wearily down on the very chair from which the lawyer had but just risen.

"Oh! Sam, Dickson's have some of the most delicious strawberries you ever saw, and they are only eightpence a pound; I really couldn't help it, but, oh! I did so wish that we could afford to get a few for tea, they would be so nice. I wonder shall we ever be able to indulge in such luxuries again?"

Instead of replying to her question, I said : "Nell, dear, why didn't you take your purse with you, were you afraid of being robbed?"

"Robbed! no, indeed, Sam; pity help the thief, for he would get little enough for his pains."

"Don't know, Nell; it looks to me uncommonly fat and healthy just now, but there, perhaps, it is only coppers."

"Why, Sam, what in the world have you been doing to it, stuffing it with paper, you silly goose?" Listlessly stretching out her hand, she picked it up, and, its heavy weight arousing her curiosity, she opened it.

A cry of joy and surprise burst from her, and as she sat there with the open purse in her hand, on her face an expression of incredulous amazement, I told her of the lawyer's visit and our good fortune; then drawing the roll of notes and the rest of the gold from my pocket, I placed them on the table before her.

Raising her beautiful eyes, now full of happy tears, to the small shrine of the Sacred Heart in the corner of the room, she breathed a fervent "*Deo Gratias*"; then coming over to me, she threw her arms around my neck, saying : "Oh! Sam dear, how good God is! now you can have a new suit, another pair of boots, and some of those warm woollen vests for the winter, that we saw in Dalton's last week, do you remember?"

"That is just like you, Nell dear, you most sweet and unselfish sister, you always think of others first; but you, too, shall have lots of nice things now. And for a start, while you are making the tea, I'll just slip round to Dickson's and get some of those fine strawberries you were talking about"; and kissing her tenderly, I put on my hat and went out.

Swiftly the days passed, and when all the legal formalities had been complied with, we went to the south of Devon, where the mild but bracing air worked wonders for Nell; the colour came back to her cheeks, and the terrible pains she had suffered from so long, became less severe and less frequent.

Then we went abroad, travelling from one city to another, and entered a great deal more into the gaieties and pleasures of the world than was good for me. The carnivals, flower-battles, and ball-rooms had little enough attraction for Nell, and it was solely on my account that she went to them, for she loved to see me happy. Still she was sadly disappointed, seeing only too clearly that already pleasure was beginning to stifle the spiritual life within me; but she said little, and although my conscience often reproved me, I as often allayed it with the assurance, that there was plenty of time yet before I need settle down seriously to the work before me. There had been so many long years of bitter, hard drudgery, that surely I was entitled to a little relaxation; yes, I would give the first twelve months to Nell, and the rest of my life to God.

We were at Naples, and one day having taken a longer stroll than usual, had somehow managed to miss our way. After wandering about for a long time, we met an elderly gentleman with whom was his daughter, a young, dark, and very beautiful girl.

On hearing of our dilemma, Don Cesare informed us that we had taken the very opposite direction from Naples, and were

now some considerable distance from our hotel; but, their villa being close by, he extended us a warm and very pressing invitation to dine with them, adding that my sister would be all the better for a rest and that his carriage should be at our disposal afterwards.

Knowing how very tired Nell was, I gratefully accepted his kindly offer; so together we retraced our steps for a short distance, when a sharp turn to the left brought into view a handsome villa, most charmingly situated on the side of the hill, and commanding a magnificent view of Naples and the bay; while away in the distance, on the left, rose Vesuvius, a bright vapour like cloud curling up from its summit.

The interior of the villa was correspondingly magnificent; a marvel of wealth, luxury, and artistic taste.

During dinner, which was almost immediately served, Don Cesare spoke little of himself or his affairs; but it was clear from his conversation that he had read much and travelled far; and had acquired a deep knowledge of many countries, as also a keen insight into their political, social and commercial affairs. He was extremely courteous and devoted himself almost entirely to Nell, giving her the most vivid and interesting descriptions of various places he had visited.

Meanwhile I made friends with Greta, whom I found the most pleasant of companions, and who quickly made me feel quite at my ease.

She was just a year younger than Nell, with a dark olive complexion, and luxuriant masses of dark brown hair falling in natural waves about her shoulders. Her face was one of singular beauty, while her large, black eyes were the most strange and expressive I had ever beheld. Now they would glow with a warmth of gentle friendship, till out of their innermost depths they seemed to speak of the deepest and tenderest affection; then they would sparkle with fun and mischief, holding me as in a spell with their witchery; anon they would flash with passion; while at times they had a strange and almost repellent expression that I could not understand; it was only momentary, seeming to come and go like a flash.

The evening passed pleasantly, and for me all too quickly; and when at last we took our leave, Don Cesare pressed us to call often during the remainder of our stay at Naples.

Arrived at our hotel, Nell being very tired almost immediately went to her own room; so left to myself, I went out on to the broad terrace, and, lighting a cigar, paced slowly up and down, my thoughts turning to the day's adventure, and to Greta, her young girlish figure, her beautiful, handsome face, and those dark, mysterious, flashing eyes. But, why should I think so particularly of her? What was this strange, new feeling that had taken possession of me? so that already I was longing to see her again, and chafing under the fact that many hours must pass before I could look into those eyes again. Was it a mere fascination that would as quickly pass?

I had approached the far end of the terrace, when suddenly a dark shadowy form stood before me, a detaining hand was laid on my arm, and in his long, black soutane I saw a priest.

His face was emaciated and austere, yet, with a kindly expression upon it, as he said: "As you value your soul, leave Naples at once." And the next moment I was alone, he had vanished as quickly and as mysteriously as he had come.

My first impulse on recovering from my surprise was to follow and demand an explanation; but it had all happened so quickly that I had not the faintest idea which direction he had taken. I, therefore, waited some little time, half hoping he might return, but I neither saw nor heard anything; so at last re-entering the hotel, I retired to my own room, and sat for an hour or more at the open window, wondering what the strange warning could mean, but could make nothing of it. So resolving not to mention the incident to Nell, thinking that her sensitive nature might only be unnecessarily alarmed, I at last turned into bed.

Three weeks passed; three weeks of sweet, delicious, intoxicating joy. I had been almost a daily visitor at the villa, and Greta's power over me was complete. Her beauty and her bewitching ways, lured, fascinated, held me bound, heart and soul. I was absolutely her slave, forgetting all else, living only for her smiles.

Nell seldom went near, for there was something about the Don that she did not like; and, although she did not say it, still I felt sure that she disliked Greta also. More than once she implored me to stay away, reminding me that they were not Catholics, and assuring me that no good could come of my frequent visits; but it was too late. I felt, I knew, that for weal or woe, I was Greta's body and soul.

One evening as Greta and I were strolling through the gardens, at a sudden turn in the path, we came face to face with a short, dark little form, enveloped in a long, loose cloak. Stopping right in front of us and raising his head, I was surprised to see the little priest, my strange visitant on the terrace of the hotel, and was about to address him, when a sharp cry as of pain from Greta, drew my attention to her.

She had turned ghastly white, and staggered back as though she had been struck. Fearing that she was going to faint, I put my arm around her, and could feel that she was trembling like a leaf, as though she was in the greatest fear: then suddenly her mood changed; from her eyes there flashed that strange repellent look, whilst her face became convulsed with the most malignant hate, as stamping her foot, she said: "You here, how dare you come, is it to rob me of my prey?"—her lips seeming rather to hiss the words than to utter them; and the next moment he turned and was gone.

Leading her gently to a seat which was close at hand, I bade her rest a bit, and was about to follow the path along which the strange priest had disappeared, when instantly recovering herself, she caught me by the hand saying: "No, no, you must not follow him, I forbid you"; then in a gentler tone she added: "'Tis only the mad priest who lives over the mountain, he is a recluse, and it was very silly of me to be so upset, but he came on us so suddenly. Please think no more about it, Sam dear, and promise me that you will never speak one word about him to a living soul; will you promise?"

"Of course, I will promise you anything you like, dear," I replied, "but you might tell me what it all means."

"Thank you, Sam; I know you will keep your word, and some day you shall know all; now come, it is time we went in."

"Oh, here you are at last," said the Don, with a smile as we entered the room; "I have just been telling your sister about the Cavern of Fire, but she does not seem in the least anxious to visit it."

"The Cavern of Fire," I replied, "and pray what may that be? I never heard of it before."

"Well," said the Don, "it is the interior of one of the craters of Vesuvius, and is approached through a long series of caves and winding passages that run right into the heart of the mountain. It is a terrible place, I admit, but one of the most wonderful sights of the world. The innermost chamber is a veritable sea of fire, hence its name. There are only certain times of the year when it is safe to venture, and, as there shortly happens to be one of those rare opportunities, I have been trying to persuade your sister to go, but she does not seem to like the idea."

"But why not?" I asked. "Why, Nell, it would be just splendid, I should like it immensely."

"Well, you see," replied the Don, "you Catholics are so mighty particular about your Sunday Mass; to miss that I believe you count as a mortal sin. Unfortunately on this occasion, the time for a favourable visit falls on Sunday; we should have to start very early in the morning, and a return would be impossible until late in the afternoon, when, of course, all the Masses for the day are over. That, I think, is your sister's objection; but you, perhaps, are not quite so scrupulous, sir?"

"On the contrary," I replied rather coldly, "my sister is quite right; we could not think of missing Mass for so trivial a cause."

The subject was dropped; Nell and the Don were soon deep in a game of chess, while Greta and I went to the music room, where I listened like one entranced as she played and sang, one song after another.

Presently she stopped, and, coming over and sitting down beside me, said: "Do you really love me, Sam dear, quite as much as you say you do?"

"You know that I do, Greta," I replied, "and if only you would consent to be my wife, there is nothing that I would not do to prove how dearly I love you. Will you marry me, darling?"

"Yes, if you will come with me to the Cavern of Fire." And slowly her beautiful white arms stole round my neck, her eyes full of love, were raised to mine, her warm breath was on my face, her lips almost touching—"will you," she whispered, and she held those sweet lips at a tantalising distance. For a moment I wavered, then everything else forgotten—"yes," I said, "I will"—and the next instant our lips met in the first sweet, entrancing kiss of love.

That night I could not sleep. I lay thinking of Greta and the mad priest. Mad he might be, and that would easily

account for her fear of him; but how was it possible to account for her strange and terrible hatred, and her still more strange words? The more I thought about it, the more inexplicable it all seemed; so I put the thought from me, and once more lived over again in fancy those moments of blissful happiness in the music room; once again I felt her soft arms around my neck, her lips pressed to mine; and, oh! how I longed for that happy day when she would, in very deed and truth, be all mine, mine alone and for always.

Suddenly there was a slight movement; I started, and lo, there at the foot of my bed stood the mad priest; the expression on his face more grave than before, as he said sternly: "You neglected my warning, at least never neglect your Mass." Then he turned away from the bed and noiselessly crossed the room; and, although I did not hear the door open or close, yet I knew that he was gone.

At last Sunday came, and according to promise I repaired to the villa at an early hour. Greta was ready and waiting, so we started off almost immediately, furnished with lanterns and matches, and, after a long and beautiful drive, arrived at the point where our adventure was to begin.

Having climbed some considerable distance up the side of the mountain, we at last reached the entrance to the caves, and as we stood for a moment gazing at the beautiful scenery around us, there floated up on the air from a little church in the valley far below, the clear silver tones of the bell calling the faithful to early Mass; and as it fell sweetly on my ears, a feeling of poignant remorse and shame entered my soul, and for a moment I wavered, tempted even at that last moment to break away from Greta and her evil influence. But it was too late; one glance into her smiling eyes and conscience was stilled for ever; and hand and hand, together we passed out of the glorious sunshine into the darkness of the caverns. Lighting our lanterns, we found ourselves in a rocky chamber of irregular shape, and much smaller than I had anticipated but very lofty.

"Lonely, isn't it," said Greta, "are you afraid?"

"Afraid! what of?" I replied, "surely I am not more of a coward than a girl? and, therefore, am not likely to fear where you can venture."

She laughed, a strange, uncanny laugh that jarred on me, while at the same moment by the light of our lanterns I saw that strange, repellent expression in her eyes, and I asked rather impatiently: "Well, what have we to do now, where is this wonderful fiery cavern?"

"Patience, sir," she replied, "you will be there soon enough"; and again she laughed the same strange laugh.

Then, "follow me," she said, and, crossing swiftly over the rocky and uneven floor, we passed through a narrow crevice into another, though much larger, cave, the floor of which seemed to dip down towards a corner where there was a small, low opening, through which we passed into a long, narrow, winding passage that led down, down, down, till I felt sure we must be far below the base of the mountain; then, having traversed some distance in a half circular direction, there came a sudden

turn to the left, and we were in a large chamber like some vast cathedral, and strange, low rumblings reached my ears, while every now and again a fitful glare showed itself for a moment in the far end of the chamber.

"What an awfully weird place," I said, "do you not feel a little bit frightened, Greta?"

For answer she caught my hand, her own was burning, and, leading me across to where I had noticed the fitful glare of light, to my surprise we were standing on the brink of a deep chasm, and far away in the depths below, every now and again, I could see long tongues of flame, now rising high, now sinking till they were lost to sight in the tremendous depth.

The ledge on which we stood, ran right along the chasm, sloping steeply downwards; and along this ledge Greta ran, calling to me to follow. I was just about to do so when suddenly my very blood ran cold, for, as if from down in the depths below, a cry answered: "Yes, follow," while at the same moment, from out the darkness of the caverns behind, came a low, mocking laugh.

What could it be? Was it only my fancy, or had I really heard that voice, that horrible laugh?

I looked back across the great chamber we had just come through, but all was impenetrable blackness.

"Are you going to stay there for ever?" It was Greta; impatient at my delay, she had returned to where I was standing. Laughing at me, and telling me that I looked for all the world like some frightened school-boy, she again started along the ledge, while I followed close behind, the ledge growing narrower and narrower, while the glare from the long tongues of fire below grew ever more fierce, making the darkness seem even more intense every time they died down.

We had proceeded some considerable distance, and the air was growing hot and uncomfortable, when suddenly from out those awful depths there rose a frightful cry, while behind me, but closer this time, I heard again the low, mocking laugh.

In my fright I dropped my lantern, and but for Greta should have lost my balance and fallen into that mysterious chasm.

"Fool! it is only the cry of the bats," she said.

"Bats!" I replied angrily, "why it was more like the cry of a lost soul, besides bats don't laugh."

"Well, at all events you have lost your lantern," she said, "but never mind we shall not need them any further"; and the next instant she had thrown her own into the fiery chasm below, and we were left in total darkness. Her hot hand still clasped mine and she drew me on several paces, then there was another rush of fire from below, and by its light I saw we had come to a bend in the chasm.

The low, rumbling sounds I had heard when we were in the great chamber had increased as we advanced, while again and again there was a tremendous crash, as if thousands of tons of rock were falling in.

Gradually the tongues of fire died down, and for some minutes we proceeded in absolute darkness. Then once again it came from out those awful depths, a long, loud, piercing wail that seemed to freeze my very soul. Greta's burning grip

tightened, I felt myself being drawn round another sharp bend, and the next moment I stood in the "Cavern of Fire."

The narrow ledge had suddenly widened out, forming a large rocky platform, on which I stood with Greta. Stunned and speechless I gazed on that awful scene. Before me was a chamber of immense size, a veritable pit of fire, the flames rising and falling like the huge waves of a stormy sea; cries and groans filled my ears, while forms as of men and women seemed to be writhing in those liquid flames.

Filled with a nameless dread and horror, I turned at last to Greta. There she stood, but those beautiful, flashing, seductive eyes, that had so bewitched me, were now the eyes of a demon; her beautiful flowing hair was a mass of writhing, twisting serpents, while the beauty of her face was gone, and in its place the demon's mocking smile of triumph over a lost soul. And, as we stood there gazing into each other's face, swiftly the past came before me—first my high and noble purpose to serve God as his holy priest, my poverty and the spirit of discontent, by giving way to which I had become rebellious to the will of God; then my sudden riches followed by love of pleasure and self-gratification, leading to forgetfulness of God and neglect of spiritual exercises, until I had become so weakened that, for the love of a creature, I had abandoned my high vocation, and in order solely to please her, had been guilty of a mortal sin only that very morning. Not one atom of excuse could I think of; little by little, slowly but surely I had drifted on, yes, even in spite of the three-fold warning from the little priest, and now as I stood speechless and self-condemned, gazing into that awful face, I felt there was no hope, and the horror of despair seized upon me.

Then she spoke: "Yes, your conscience tells you right, and this is the gate of hell, and you are mine, mine for always." And she came towards me with a mocking laugh of triumph, and, seizing me by the wrists, dragged me towards the pit of fire; we reached the brink; I knew that all was lost, and as my feet slipped over the rocky ledge, I shrieked aloud in my agony.

"Come, Sam, wake up; whatever is the matter? Do wake up, dear."

It was Nell's sweet gentle face bending over me, and I lay on the sofa in our own little room.

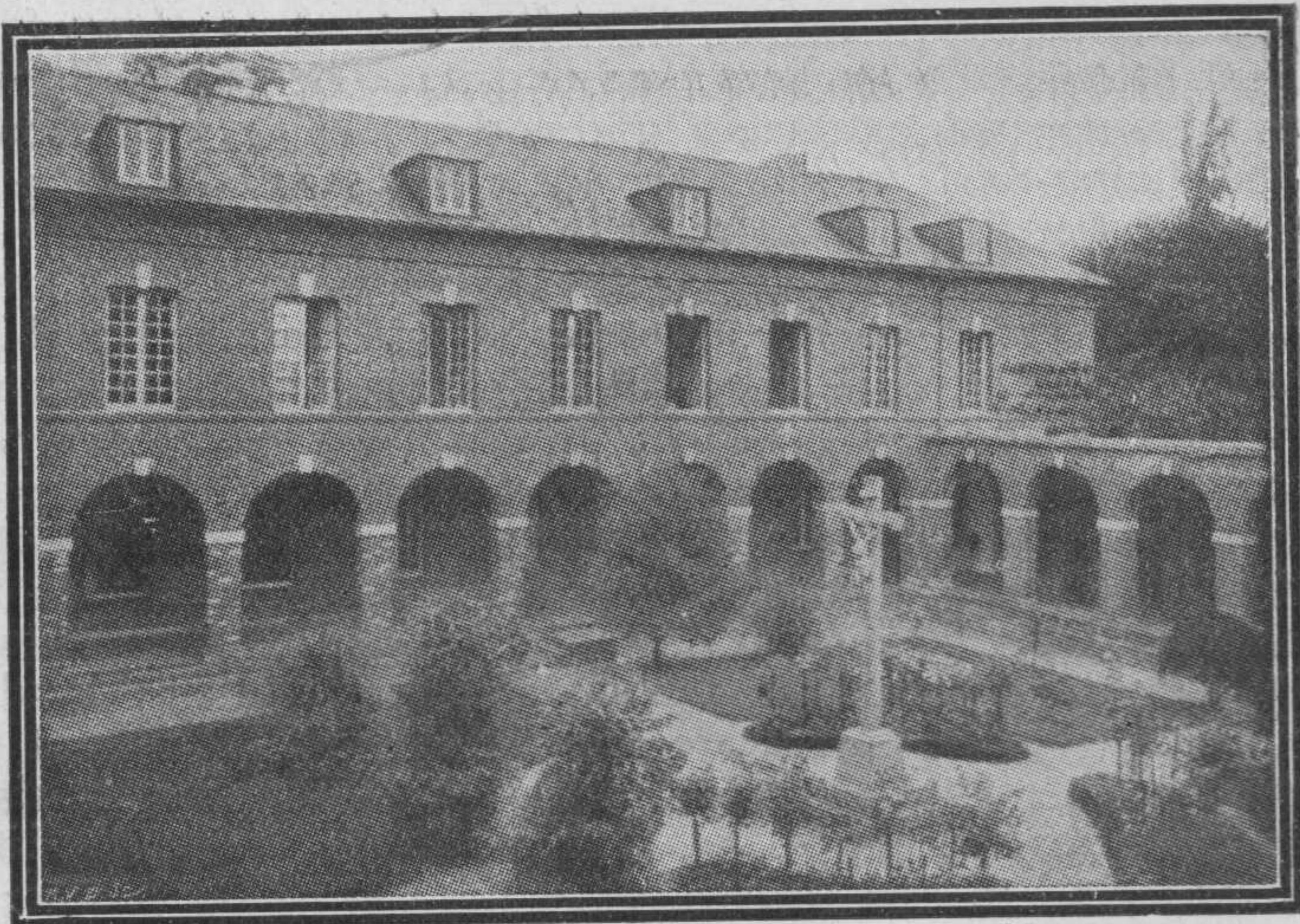
I never told her for many years what it was that made me give that terrible shriek; but I learnt my lesson and sought, by more fervent and frequent reception of the Sacraments, for the grace to be content with such things as we had, and with the work Almighty God had given me to do. And, though still poor, we were very happy, and I devoted myself more assiduously than ever to my patient, gentle sister.

Three years later a small legacy was really left to us by a distant relative. It was sufficient to keep Nell in comfort, and also to provide the necessary means for the attaining of my heart's desire. And when at times, in my priestly duties, I feel tempted to become disheartened in my efforts for the salvation of souls—well, I just sit down and remember—The Cavern of Fire.

The Little Flower of Jesus.

I WISH the whole Catholic world could assemble together in the little town of Lisieux in Normandy, celebrated for its delicious apple orchards.

It is quite a small place, surrounded by picturesque country. The town is delightfully quaint and scrupulously clean. Not even the poorest dwelling has that air of sordid unwholesomeness, so familiar, for instance, in the slums of London. Perhaps it is the pure soul of the peasant which pervades his dwelling; and no wonder, for the air of Lisieux—the surroundings—indeed everything about it, breathes the name of the little Carmelite nun who is buried in the beautiful cemetery overlooking the valley of Toukes.



CARMELITE CONVENT, LISIEUX.

Sister Teresa of the Child Jesus and the Holy Face (née Marie Françoise Thérèse Martin) was born at Alençon, of exceptionally pious parents. Her father, Louis Martin, before his marriage with Zélie Guérin, had ardently wished to embrace the religious life, while his fiancée had attempted to enter the Order of the Sisters of Charity. It is clear that this was not the Will of God, since it is to this pious couple that we owe our beautiful little Teresa, the last of nine children, four of whom are still living and are Spouses of Christ.

As a child Teresa was extremely pious, but very gay and natural. It was this blend of character which, like the tinted rose, gave her an irresistible charm over the hearts of all around her. She was particularly loved by her father, who often called her his "little queen." None can gaze on the features of this winsome little maid and read her life—which she wrote shortly before her death, at the request of her Mother Prioress—without

feeling greatly impressed; indeed, they will conceive a tender affection for her, and, confiding to her their petitions, will win from her not only their heart's desire, if it be the Will of her sweet Spouse, but will also be led to imitate what she herself practised all her life. This book, the original of which is written in French, has been translated into six different languages. The English version is entitled "The Little Flower of Jesus," and can, I believe, be procured at any Catholic book-seller's.

The "Little Flower," as she so charmingly calls herself, lost her mother when she was but four and a-half years of age, and it was then that her sister, Pauline, became a "mother" to her, watching over her with untiring care. Céline, the next in years to Teresa, chose Marie, the eldest sister, to be *her* protectress.

Soon after the death of his wife, Monsieur Martin left Alençon with his five children, Marie, Pauline, Léonie, Céline and Thérèse, and chose his new home at Lisieux. The house is called "Buissonets," for it still exists, and the author of the present little sketch has herself visited it. The good lady who lives there now was extremely kind and hospitable, and showed us the dining-room in which the little Teresa used to take her meals with her family. Some of the furniture is still there; the table, chairs, etc. We also saw the dear little china "sabots," which were always filled with presents for Teresa in her childhood; the room in which she made her pious meditations—thinking often of God and the Home to which her young soul was destined; and, more impressive still, we saw her little bedroom, where, as a child, she was visited by a strange and serious illness which rendered her delirious and full of fear at the smallest object. This malady was occasioned by the excessive grief she experienced at the departure of her "mother" Pauline to Carmel, there to consecrate her life to God. It was at the crisis of this terrible illness, when Teresa, calling for her sister Marie, failed to recognise her, that the whole family, the little sufferer included, cast themselves at the feet of the Mother of God, and during their supplication, the sick child, looking at the beautiful statue of the Madonna, close to her bedside, with surprise and pleasure beheld it smile upon her and approach her, when she was immediately restored to health. It is needless to add that Teresa was henceforth filled with a tender, loving confidence towards her sweet Heavenly Mother. This miracle took place during a novena, made to our Lady of Victories, for the recovery of the little Teresa.

Pauline took the veil on the same day that Teresa made her First Communion. The child's impressions on that never-to-be-forgotten day are better expressed by herself, in her life.*

"The great day dawned at last. How sweet to my soul was that first kiss of Jesus! Yes, it was a kiss of Love! I felt that I was beloved, and I, too, said: 'I love Thee, I give myself to Thee forever.' Jesus asked nothing of me, claimed no sacrifice.

* The quotations are taken from a booklet entitled "As Little Children," translated from the French by a Client of the "Little Flower," and revised and edited by the Rev. T. N. Taylor, by whose kind permission I use them.—M. M.

Long already had He and the little Thérèse known and understood one another. . . . That day our meeting was more than simple recognition, it was a fusion. We were no longer two:—Thérèse had disappeared as a drop of water that loses itself in the bosom of the ocean: Jesus alone remained: He was Master, He was King! Had not Thérèse begged Him to take from her her liberty? That liberty frightened her: so weak, so frail she felt herself that she longed to be united forever to the strong, living God."

But Jesus gave to His little favourite other desires besides her insatiable thirst for His Presence within her. She relates in her life:

"One Sunday, on closing my book at the end of Mass, a photograph representing our Saviour on the Cross came partly out, just far enough to let me see one of His Divine Hands, pierced and bleeding. A new and indescribable feeling awoke within me. It grieved me to the heart to see the Precious Blood falling to the ground with no one eager to gather it as it fell, and I resolved to remain in spirit continually at the foot of the Cross, that I might receive the Divine Dew of Salvation and pour it forth upon souls.

"From that day the dying cry of Jesus, 'I thirst,' re-echoed at each moment in my heart, enkindling there a vehement zeal unknown to me before. I longed to quench the thirst of my Beloved: I, too, was consumed with desire for souls, and was eager to save them from the eternal flames at any cost.

"Soon afterwards I heard of a great criminal condemned to death for some frightful crimes, whose impenitence gave reason to fear his eternal damnation. To hinder this irremediable calamity, I made use of every imaginable spiritual means."

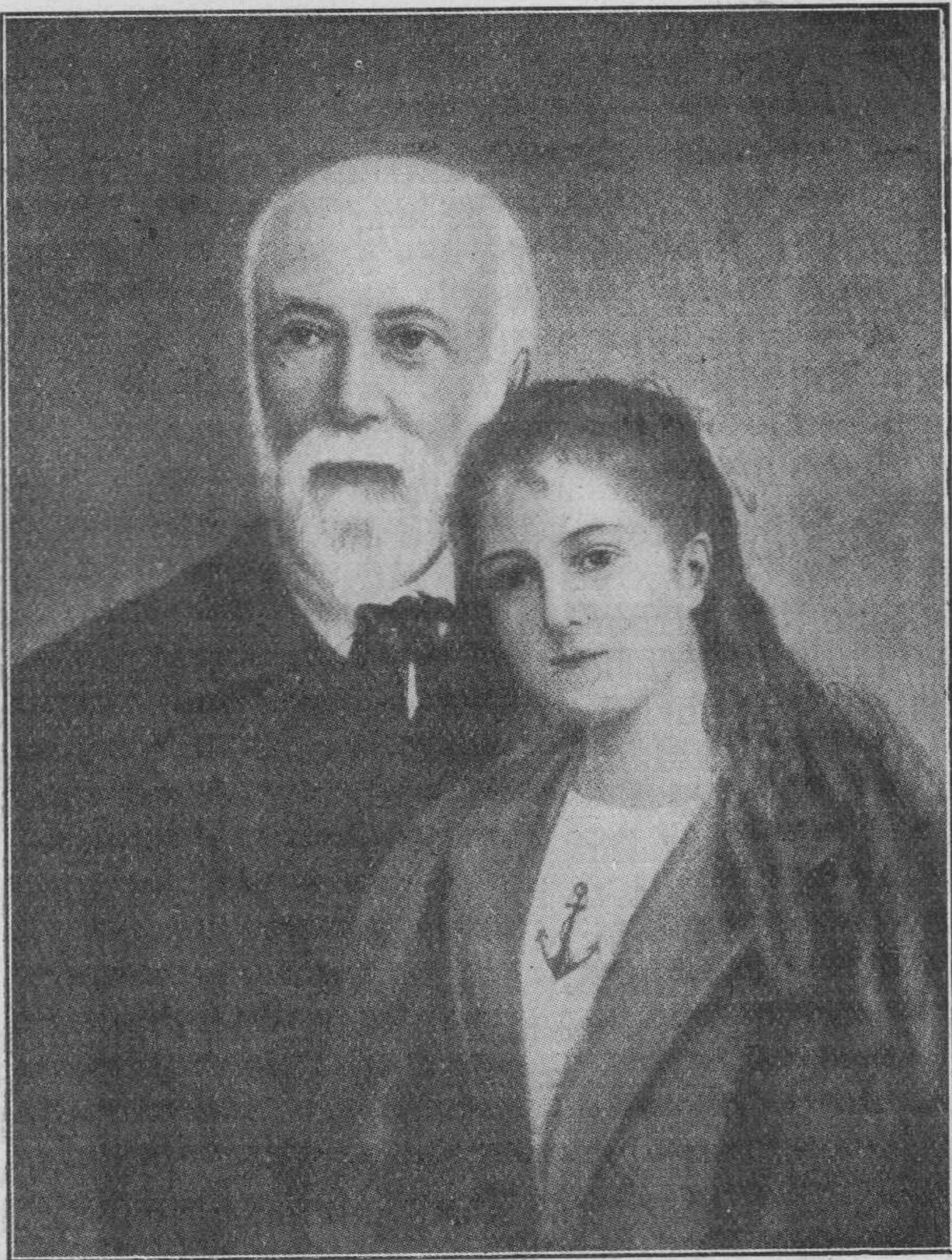
The result was that this obstinate sinner, at the last moment, on the scaffold, turned to his God on the Cross, for he kissed with devotion the crucifix which the priest handed to him.

This conversion was followed by many others still more remarkable, which took place after the death of Sister Teresa, and to-day the story of the marvellous miracles obtained by her unfailing prayer, is in the mouths of all her devoted clients.

Nowadays, pilgrims flock from all parts of the world to Lisieux, to visit the tomb of the little saint, where her bones alone remain—a discovery which was made in the summer of 1910, when her body was exhumed. This crumbling to dust had been her own desire. But the palm which had been placed in her hand after death, fourteen years before, was perfectly preserved. This palm can now be seen at the Carmelite Convent, Lisieux, together with other "treasures" of the little saint, including her needles, thimble, knife, spoon, mug, lamp, hour-glass, hair-shirt, discipline, and the large crucifix which she had often kissed, and had clasped on her death-bed. Two exquisite wreaths of blue flowers, woven by the hands of the dying nun for the Blessed Virgin, are also preserved, and show the taste and skill that were hers. But, more precious than all, are her beautiful curls, still shining with light, as when first cut from her fair head on the day she became the Spouse of Jesus. These are to be seen in a jewelled casket, and one cannot

gaze upon the fair tresses without a feeling of awe, particularly one who has read her life, in which she says that, "from the age of three she never refused anything that God asked of her." It is for this reason that her prayers have become almost a command in the ear of Him Whom her soul loved until death and to Eternity.

Her mode of practising virtue did not consist in rigid fasts and severe penances. No! she simply set to work to follow Jesus, step by step, all her life, accepting humbly and patiently all the little trials He sent her, and obeying His Will with an incomparable trustfulness and childlike faith. To abandon



THÉRÈSE AND HER FATHER.

herself to God's good pleasure and to be a little child in His hands, was the simple motto of her life. She says:

"I made my mortifications consist wholly in breaking my will, keeping back a word of retort, rendering little services to those around me without attracting attention."

Also: "There is but one thing to be done: Cast the flowers of little sacrifices at the feet of Jesus: then abandon yourself entirely to Him." This seems to be the summary of her life.

From an early age Teresa had longed to enter the convent, but as is usual with those who love God tenderly, and ardently long to possess Him alone, she met with many oppositions and

disappointments. Not from her father, however, although she says: "I knew not how to disclose the project to my father."

But Monsieur Martin was more than an upright and God-fearing man; he was a saint, and when his "little queen" confided to him her desire one day in their garden he accepted her words as the Will of God. She writes:

"He spoke to me as saints speak, and plucking a tiny white flower, like a miniature lily, he explained to me how tenderly Our Lord had brought it to bloom and had preserved it till that day. I thought I listened to my own life-story, such was the resemblance between the little flower and the little Thérèse. I received it as a relic and fastened it to a picture of Our Lady of Victories. Now its stem is broken near the root, a sign doubtless that God will soon gather His little flower, and will not suffer her to fade upon earth."

She next asked permission of the Abbe Delätrouette, but received a very decided "No" owing to her tender years, for she had not even reached the age of fifteen! It was at fifteen that she wished to enter Carmel, the same age as the Madonna when Jesus was born of her.

Finding herself thus refused, the gentle child did not lose hope, but resolved to ask permission of the Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., at whose feet she knelt later, beseeching him with childlike simplicity to grant her heart's desire. But she did not receive a decisive answer, though the Pontiff's words were prophetic, and he watched her retreating figure with keen interest.

Meanwhile, the little Teresa submitted to her "waiting for the Lord" with a blind, loving confidence. She pictured Him, the Divine Child of Bethlehem, reposing upon her heart asleep. Nor would she awaken Him from His slumber, but decided to let Him do as He wished with His "little plaything." Once she had said that she was the "ball" of little Jesus, to amuse Himself with. At another moment she speaks of herself as a "little victim of His love," and describes Him as the powerful Eagle, bearing away its tiny prey to His own Eternal City.

At last the morning of Jesus' awakening dawned: that is to say, Teresa was allowed to enter Carmel. She was then fifteen. When the convent door was closed upon her, Jesus taught His little Spouse many Heavenly secrets, and it was here that she perfected her soul by the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience.

Although she endeavoured to hide her virtues from the eyes of the Sisters, they were not long in learning that God had planted amidst them a rare and sweet flower, and she was soon made mistress of novices. To the young postulants she taught the Religious Life with a new freshness and beauty, and many of her precious counsels to them are gathered at the end of the French edition of her Life.

The "Little Flower" is ingenuous in some of her desires. She says:

"Seeing one of my sisters paint charming miniatures and compose beautiful poems, I thought that I should be glad to know how to paint and how to express my thoughts in verse, that I might do some good to those around me."

"To the great astonishment of the community I accomplished successfully several pieces of painting, and I composed some poems, which God permitted to be of service to certain souls."

She was also very fond of flowers, and Jesus did not forget her desires when she entered Carmel. She wished, too, that Céline, "the sweet echo of her soul," her little playmate in childhood, should enter Carmel too, and her loving prayer was granted after the death of her father. Marie, who had so faithfully protected her after the entrance of Pauline into Carmel, had also taken the habit, some years previously. Thus, three of Monsieur Martin's choice "lilies of the Lord" blossomed on



THE LITTLE FLOWER.

Calvary. His daughter, Léonie, who had first entered a severe Religious order, and failed owing to delicate health, was eventually admitted into the Visitation Convent at Caens, near Lisieux.

But little Teresa was destined to suffer severely ere she should enter the beautiful garden of Paradise.

Besides enduring the terrible pains of aridity in prayer, darkness and weariness of soul, all of which she supported with admirable courage and patience, she passed through the crucible of bodily sickness, falling a prey to that dread disease, consumption, which gradually consumed the life of this beautiful white lily. Never for a moment, however, did she lose her

joyousness of spirit, because her faith was great and her trust unfailing. Jesus was her Spouse, and dark though the night within her soul might be, she knew that He would never forsake her. Never did her sweet voice cease to sing songs of love and praise. She besought the Lord:

"I entreat Thee to let Thy Divine Glance rest upon a vast multitude of little souls. I entreat Thee to choose in this world a Legion of Little Victims worthy of Thy Love."

And so it is. *We* are to be the "little victims" if only we will turn to her, asking her to teach us her "little way" of self-abandonment, confidence and love, and seek to please God by showing charity towards each other and fulfilling the duties of our every-day life.

At last the sweet flower of Jesus drooped her head to die. At one time a terrible darkness surrounded her, but the little white blossom plaintively asked for prayers, as she was tormented by Satan, who made her powerless to help herself. Two blessed candles were immediately lit, when the evil spirits fled, never to return. As death approached, her eyes were fixed on the statue of the Immaculate Virgin, Star of the Sea. Listen to her own beautiful prayer:

"Toi qui vins me sourire au matin de ma vie,
Viens me sourire encore, Mere, voici le soir!"

("Oh, Thou who camest to smile on me in the morn of my life,
Come once again and smile, Mother, for lo! 'tis eventide!")

She recalled the day when Our Lady had smiled on her, when a child, and had cured her of her painful malady; but this evening the *Son* of the Mother approached her—He, the beautiful Bridegroom.

It was time to gather His pure lily. He bent over her; He slept no longer a Child upon her bosom. He was her Spouse, and had come to claim her for ever. Though she saw Him not she felt Him near her, and said as she gazed at her crucifix:

"Oh!—I love Him—My God, I—love—Thee!"

These were her last words. At first she sank down with her head inclined a little to the right. Then she lifted herself as though called by a mysterious Voice. It was the Voice of Jesus. Fixing her gaze upon the statue of Our Lady, she remained thus for the space of a "Credo," when immediately the little victim of the Eagle was borne away to Its Nest.

MINNIE MORTIMER.

(*To be continued.*)

NOTE.—Pressure on our space compels us to hold over this month's instalment of "The Annals of the Passionists" and several other items.

Out of the Depths.

NOVEMBER has come with its shortening days, its gloomy skies, and its damp and chilly atmosphere. The glory of summer is over, and its beauty departed. The trees are withered and bare, the flowers have disappeared, the harvest is gathered in, the joyful sounds of life and activity are hushed, and a solemn stillness—broken only by the fitful moaning of the night-wind—broods over the face of nature. Over the great city, where night is turned into day and the rush and bustle of life must needs be maintained, the dense, grimy, weltering, blinding fog floats and settles, as if in derision of man's efforts to make a substitute for the sun, and in revenge, turns day back again into night. Men are loth to go abroad; the parks and open spaces are deserted, and people scramble to and from their places of business or amusement unwilling to leave and eager to regain the kindly warmth and shelter of home. At such a season, and with such surroundings, our minds are naturally prone to reflection. We look back with regret—all the sharper by the present contrast—upon the long, pleasant, glorious summer time that has gone so quickly, and we upbraid ourselves, perhaps, for having allowed it to slip by without a full and due appreciation of its worth.

And, such is the association of ideas, we pass, by an easy and seemingly natural transition from things and places to persons, and from the current year to those that have preceded it. We single out from the tumultuous crowd that pressed upon us through life, the forms and features of those long since vanished ones who touched us by their kindness and sympathy and affection. Our recollection of them is as the remembrance of summer days in November; they stand out brightly in life's dull course, and, although we mourn their loss and grieve that they are no longer with us, we love to recall their endearing qualities, and to hope that we shall meet them again, even as we look forward to the return of summer, when the winter is over and past and the rains have gone.

What forms rise beautiful of happy years?
 What lovely shadows float before me fast?
 Like an old song still tingling in my ears,
 I hear the voice of love and friendship past.

But whither have they gone? What is the state and what are the fortunes of those with whom we were once so intimate, with whom we walked and spoke and knelt in prayer?

They have dropped off, one by one: the companions of our youth, the friends of our riper years, the fond parents who nurtured us, the brother and the sister whom we loved. They have gone out into the dark, leaving our hearts sore and empty; but yet in some mysterious way they are present to us: we recall their features, their voices sound again in our ears, their doings and sayings are treasured in our memories.

The question of the future life is one of deep and perennial interest to mankind. It puzzled the heathen of old, for, although the best and wisest of them argued to its existence—their reasonings left them without any sure hope of re-union with their departed friends. The modern heathen tries to communicate with the dead by the fashionable superstition called Spiritualism. It is very remarkable what gross absurdities men will follow who affect to despise religion. All that we know for certain of the existence and nature of the life beyond the grave, has been graciously vouchsafed to us by revelation from on high, and has been committed by Jesus Christ to the keeping of His infallible Church that it may be accurately declared to men.

The Catholic Church has ever held and taught as a divinely-revealed truth, that they who pass from this life entirely cleansed from all stain and debt of sin, and in perfect friendship with God, are admitted at once into His immediate Presence and enjoy for ever the indescribable happiness of Heaven. She also holds and teaches—in the face of an unbelieving world—that eternal punishment is the fate of all who die at enmity with God. And moreover, that between these two, there is an intermediate state, which we call Purgatory, where those who, while they have kept the faith and died in the friendship of God, have not made sufficient satisfaction for their sins, are detained for a time to be thoroughly purified and prepared for His all-holy Presence into which nothing defiled can enter.

Regarding Purgatory, on which I propose to suggest some thoughts that may be helpful at this season when the Church reminds us of our duties to the faithful departed, it is solemnly declared as of faith (1) that Purgatory is, and (2) that the souls therein detained are assisted by the prayers and suffrages of the faithful, and particularly by the acceptable sacrifice of the Altar. Of the nature and duration of Purgatory the Church has not decided anything. The so-called reformers of the sixteenth century violently protested against the teaching of the Church, and declared the doctrine concerning Purgatory to be “a fond thing vainly invented,” and prayers for the dead to be idle and superstitious. But the anxious question soon arose: what should become of those who passed from this life not altogether free from the stains and vestiges of sin, but yet contrite and eager to make satisfaction? The awful holiness of the Almighty cannot bear the slightest stain or defilement in His Presence, and, on the other hand, His superabounding Mercy will not permit a soul to be lost, that appealed to Him, even at the last for pardon. How were these admitted truths to be reconciled? As in many other points of faith, the household of the “reformed” Church is divided against itself. Some of its teachers at the present day are trying to turn Hell into Purgatory, and are grievously exercised in explaining away the words of the ancient creed in which the belief of the Church in everlasting punishment is plainly and forcibly expressed; while the high-flying Anglican party, ashamed of being called Protestants and endeavouring to whitewash the Reformation, are making ludicrous attempts to restore prayers for the dead, and even requiem Masses, in direct opposition to the 31st Article of

the Prayer-book, which declares Masses for the quick and the dead to be "blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits." One is not surprised to find an ever-increasing number of laity and clergy of the Church of England deeply perplexed as to how these practices can be reconciled with the express teaching of the "Articles," which all Anglican clergymen pledge themselves to maintain, and to which they are irrevocably committed.

The doctrine of Purgatory, as declared by the Catholic Church, is a splendid revelation of the Divine Nature and its infinite Perfections. It brings home to us, as far as our human and finite minds are capable of understanding Divine things, how the claims of God's Infinite Justice do not exclude the exercise of His limitless and superabounding Mercy, and that these Divine attributes, though apparently irreconcilable, and contrary to each other, imply, in fact, no contradiction, but are in perfect harmony. The truths of revelation are not isolated statements, but are bound together in one harmonious whole, in which each item, though presenting a particular aspect of the nature of God, combines with and throws light upon the others, and all taken together disclose and represent the unity and indivisibility of the Divine Nature. Without the revelation of Purgatory we could never have any clear conception of how the Almighty can be inexorably just, and at the same time infinitely merciful, but through it we behold Mercy embracing and tempering Justice, and a marvellous prospect of the Divine Goodness opens out before us, that ought to fill us with deepest reverence and confidence towards our Heavenly Father. From this revelation, Holy Church despairs not of the salvation of any of Her children. In the great sacrifice that is daily offered on Her altars She makes special commemoration of "all who sleep in Christ;" She excludes none from participation in Her suffrages, save those who die in open rebellion, and She will not say of anyone, however appearances point towards it, that he is lost for ever.

When one considers the awful Purity and Holiness of God, which can never allow the slightest stain of sin or imperfection in those who are to be united with Him in Heaven, we must needs confess that, taking human nature as it is, there are not many who pass from this life entirely purified from the dross of sin and from earthly affections. It is possible, of course, during the present life by deeds of penance, and by keeping oneself unspotted from this world, to fit oneself for immediate admittance after death into the blessed society of the Saints; but it is arduous, and is only accomplished by the holiest. On the other hand, it is unthinkable that God Who is Goodness Itself, and Who most sincerely desires the salvation of men, would permit one to be eternally separated from Him who did not wilfully reject Him—even at the last. He cannot fail to hearken to the dying sinner's appeal for mercy, and, although his sins were numberless as the stars of heaven, if even now, when life is drawing to its close, touched with genuine sorrow of heart for having outraged the Infinite Goodness of God, he utters a fervent heartfelt appeal for pardon, and receives, or desires to receive the last Sacraments, the strong and merciful hand of

his Heavenly Father will reach out and rescue him. He will be saved but so as by fire.

Arrested by the hand of death, such a one is unable to satisfy the claims of Justice, his time for the works of penance is over, but the Almighty accepts his goodwill, and accomplishes his purification in the cleansing and refining fires of Purgatory. This purification is achieved by pain and suffering, and justly so, for as sin is a violation of God's law for the sake of some forbidden pleasure, its reparation consists in the voluntary privation of some other enjoyment which one desires, and in the acceptance of pain, the contrary of the pleasure one has indulged in. This is the great theory of Penance, which may be defined as the privation of a pleasure permitted and lawful, in expiation of the enjoyment of a pleasure that is forbidden. In Purgatory then the holy souls are deprived of what they most ardently desire and long for: the blessed Vision of God, and this is more exceedingly bitter to them than any form of suffering which we can experience on earth. They long with a constant and most irresistible ardour for that blessed vision which alone can satisfy them, but they cannot go forth until they have been entirely purified. They have, indeed, indescribable joy and peace from the fact of their salvation being secure, but this joy does not diminish their sufferings, rather increases it, inasmuch as it intensifies their longing to be with Christ. On earth the witchery of the world fascinates men, who seek therein for happiness, and it is extremely difficult to realize what it is to be without God; but in the next life only God remains for our hearts to rest in, there is nothing else to take His place, and our eternal happiness depends solely and entirely on our being with God or without Him. The souls in Purgatory are deprived of His blessed Presence, only for a season, it is true, but it is exceedingly grievous and painful while it lasts.

They will have to endure it, until the last farthing is paid unless we come to their assistance. Holy Church teaches that we have it in our power to bring them comfort and shorten the time of their waiting by our exercises of devotion, and particularly by having the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass offered for them. In this most benign dispensation the greatness and goodness of God are most strikingly revealed. For He is graciously pleased to accept our prayers and good works on their behalf, and bestows on us the blessed privilege of easily paying their debts, and thus hastening the time when their one great consuming desire will be realized.

In the month of November, then, when the Church reminds us of our duties towards the dead, and appeals to that most sacred instinct of our nature, the remembrance of our departed friends, we ought to bestir ourselves and come to their assistance. We can plead their cause in our more frequent and more fervent prayer, we can give alms to the poor with the same intention, and rejoice to know that, in giving bread to the hungry and relieving the necessities of the wretched, we are at the same time releasing a soul from Purgatory—perhaps, that of the nearest friend we have had on earth—and speeding it to its place at the eternal banquet of God. The greatest relief comes to

them from the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Nothing else is so great and so efficacious as the oblation of that tremendous sacrifice in which the All-Holy Victim for man's salvation is offered for the living and the dead, and, therefore, the best service we could render to our dear departed friends—especially during this month when the Church so earnestly exhorts us to remember them—would be to assist at, and offer up daily the adorable Sacrifice of the Mass for their eternal repose.

Being merciful and charitable to those suffering ones so dear to God, we shall in our own time find mercy and seasonable aid. And if it be such a blessed thing to relieve the temporal necessities of our suffering brethren on earth, that Our Blessed Saviour accounts it as done towards Himself, must it not be of far greater merit to succour those in Purgatory whose necessities and sufferings are far more keen and intense. They, indeed, are consumed by a piercing hunger for the presence of God, and a thirst to look upon the beauties of His Face, they are in prison and continually plead to us to visit them and comfort them by our prayers; they are naked and desire most ardently the bright and unfading robe of glory, and they are sick with weary waiting for their deliverance. We have it in our power to relieve their great and pressing distress, and so deserve for ourselves that those blessed words of comfort may be addressed to us by the great King our Judge when we stand before Him :

“Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to Me”

STANISLAUS CURRAN, C.P.

Sonnet.

Revolt awakes within me, and I cry :

“I have outworn my use upon the earth,

Wearing this manhood as a mask awry !

Life lacks all savour, tasteless, with a dearth
Of colour in my days: Withhold Thy hand,

Its shadow is this darkness! Set me free
From this gray prisoning, and I shall stand
In one consummate hour of liberty !”

As birds, long cramped within their twisted cage,

Beat on the wires, with unavailing vanes,

Crumpling their feathers in a clumsy rage—

The door once opened, every cloud that stains

The windy vault cloaks death: so, Lord, for me

No freedom lies but in captivity !

an pitibin.

The Welsh Home of the Passionists.

Carmarthen as it is and once was.

BY LAYMAN.

III.

Norman and English Carmarthen. Hardly had the Normans completed the subjugation of England when some of their dauntless knights, followed by bands of Flemings and other mercenaries, began to make irruptions into Wales. They would have

found it extremely difficult to gain a footing there had the Welsh organised and fought at the commencement with half the energy which they displayed in subsequent times—when it was too late. Wherever the Normans won a bit of territory they immediately sought out commanding positions in which to erect strong forts, to be replaced as soon as practicable by well-nigh impregnable stone-built castles. Towns they surrounded with strong walls and towers. A great part of Wales, especially in the southern half, is literally studded with the frowning ruins of military architecture, dating from Norman or Plantagenet times. In some places the castles are less than five miles apart. The Normans, admirable soldiers as they were, did not rely solely on force. Wherever it seemed likely to redound to their advantage, they tried, and often with success, to form matrimonial alliances with Welsh chiefs, who were exceptionally powerful, or from whom they had wrested some valuable territory.

Next to Pembroke, Carmarthen was, perhaps, the most famous place in the Three Counties, both for the strength of its castle and the fierce determination with which natives and invaders contended for its possession. It is hardly desirable, however, to linger over the history of this epoch, for as regards Carmarthen and several other castellated positions, the story would be a monotonous record of repeated burnings and slaughterings. Today the Welsh drive out the Normans and burn the castle; tomorrow the Normans drive out the Welsh with great loss and begin to rebuild the castle more strongly than before. One of the knights, who thus recaptured and rebuilt Carmarthen Castle, after its temporary occupation by the Welsh, was "Strongbow," Earl of Pembroke, who soon afterwards set sail from the then important harbour of Dale (near Milford, in Pembrokeshire) with a force to invade Ireland. Among the successive governors of Carmarthen Castle one was Sir Walter de Clifford, brother of the Fair Rosamond.

Until comparatively late times there was an Old and New town of Carmarthen, with their mayors and separate municipal authorities. The Old town (east end), which was a survival of the Roman settlement here, has continued to be mainly Welsh from A.D. 500 to the present day. The Normans raised their

first stronghold a little to the south-west, probably on the site of the old Celtic *dun*. The New town was built, or grew up, round the new Norman Castle; and here the population was almost exclusively English down to a couple of centuries ago; for the Anglo-Saxons, Flemings and adventurous Teutons from all parts who followed in the wake of the Normans, took care to exercise, in the English king's name, the ascendancy and privileges which had been won by their knightly predecessors. When Owen Glendower endeavoured to restore the independence of Wales, his first great step was to crush, as far as possible, all supporters of the English interest, and having taken Carmarthen, he burned not only the castle but the town (A.D. 1403).

Carmarthen, as well as Pembroke, sent troops to aid England in her wars with France, and we are told that at the battle of Agincourt the Carmarthen men carried a remarkable banner on which appeared a figure of Merlin leaning "on a rood" and pointing to a star. Even in the early part of Elizabeth's reign, while the Welsh still held out against the new Tudor creed Carmarthen was anxious to make known its loyalty to the English Crown, for we find the mayor, aldermen and gentry protesting that they "voluntariely and most willingly bynd themselves, jointlie and seu'ally in the bandes of one fyrme and loyall societie" to defend Elizabeth's person "against all estates, dignities and earthlie powers whatsoeu'r, and to p'secuute to the death her enemies to their vtter ou'throwe and extirpation."

It was not until the reign of George III. that Carmarthen received a charter uniting the Old and the New town under one mayor and town council. The walls of the New (Norman or English) town, of which there are now but little remains, would appear to have been entire when Speed's map was published in 1610.

(*To be continued.*)

Arbor Day.

We have been asked by the Irish Forestry Society to call attention to the fact that Wednesday, November 1st, is the National Arbor or "Tree-planting Day" in Ireland. We join in their appeal to the people in general to plant some trees throughout the country on that day. "This is not a difficult matter—trees suitable for planting are cheap, and can be planted even by children, whilst good-sized standard and ornamental trees will from first year, and increasingly year by year, be objects of beauty and admiration." It is to be hoped that the appeal will meet with a general response, and that something will thus be done to mitigate the evils caused by the wanton destruction of trees now going on all over the country at the hands of ignorant and selfish persons.

Sons of Martyrs.

BY ROSA VAGNOZZI.

VIII.

Though Lucius in his early days had been regenerated in the sacred waters of baptism, there was still in his nature a strong leaven of the old patrician daring, against which Clement, whenever a favourable opportunity offered, affectionately warned him.

The story of his ancestors, which, while still a child, he had heard recounted during the long winter evenings, and to which his nurse had given a strong pagan tinge, made a deep impression on his mind, so that sometimes the vision of the glorious martyrdom endured by his father in the amphitheatre paled away before the records of the warlike deeds of his progenitors, and of the other exploits or qualities which had rendered them famous.

One of them, for instance, had been commander of the forces which attacked some savage peoples and inflicted upon them signal defeats, for which he had been loaded with all kinds of honours by the Romans. Another with wonderful heroism had saved the life of the emperor during a fierce storm in the Ionian Sea. Then there was Aenaeas Ladius, handsome in person, and endowed with poetic talents, who was a striking figure in the assemblies of the learned, where he was applauded by all, especially by the Roman ladies, whose hero and favourite he was, when with nobleness and grace he recited verses of his own composition. A fourth had discovered and wrecked a plot directed against the city. There were others too, all brave, all full of courage and energy, round whom popular legends had grown.

Many a time he felt stir within him an almost irresistible love for certain heathen customs which he had renounced in order to follow the Nazarene, and he was powerfully drawn to an easy, delicate life, and to more than one form of dissipation towards which his nature strongly disposed him. And he would have liked to throw himself with enthusiasm into some military enterprise, to subjugate races still untamed, to sway the masses, to rise to eminence, to spend his youth and strength and energy on some undertaking which would render him great and famous for all time. He would soon, however, repent of his lightness; and in such fluctuations of humour and disposition he would feel that without Clement by his side, he might end by becoming half a pagan.

Perhaps, he thought, if he could take full part in the life which the Christians led; if he could be commissioned to be the bearer of important letters, an office not devoid of danger; if he could be the protector of the weak, and risk his own life to save the lives of others; if he might be witness of the heroic deeds of his brethren in religion, and of their virtues, known only to few, he might gradually feel at home in the new

teaching, put off the old man, and know how to curb those desires which often led him to look back.

But in the enforced inactivity in which he lived, in the solitude and silence broken only by the whispering of the winds, the pattering of the rain, and the voices of the wild birds, his fancy ran riot, and his imagination became restless and turbulent, and he passed the days in a sadness the nature and causes of which he could not well define.

When tired of study, he occupied himself in labours foreign to his tastes, in distilling herbs or the like; while he would have preferred athletic sports—wrestling, throwing the discus, leaping, chariot racing, and, above all, drawing the bow, and other contests with arms, in which his skill would have enabled him to take a high place.

Sometimes with his freedmen he would sally forth at night, always in his herdsman's dress, and run rapidly up a hill, or plunge into the recesses of the wood; or, if the moon shone bright, he would shoot arrows, with the trunk of a tree for his target.

Once, in these peregrinations, the young noble and his freedmen heard cries at a distance, as of someone in pain.

"They are beating the slaves," said one of the freedmen.

"Beating the slaves," repeated Lucius in anger.

"The cries come from beyond that house on the hill," replied the freedman, pointing to a large mansion, which, in the moonlight, could be seen rising among masses of trees.

"Who lives there?" inquired the young noble.

"Statilia," answered the freedman. "She was formerly a celebrated actress, and is now married to Nilus, a very rich man come from Asia. She finds great amusement in seeing her slaves beaten, and puts on her finest clothes and most precious jewels to be present at the spectacle, to which she often invites her friends. Indeed, there is never a feast in the villa of Statilia that the bones of the poor slaves do not know it."

"What fine taste!" muttered Lucius. "In our house, even when we worshipped Jupiter, the slaves never complained of the treatment they received from my father. But how is it," he continued, turning to the freedman who had spoken, "that you know what passes in yonder house?"

"I was owned by the lady when your father bought me. You, noble Lucius, were only an infant then, and I remember how the evening in which I first set foot in your house, you were asleep beside a statue of Minerva, and how, when I took you in my arms to carry you to your bedroom, you said, between sleeping and waking: 'The arrow to the mark! the arrow to the mark!'" Lucius smiled.

Suddenly three armed men emerged from behind a hedge, and advanced against the patrician and his companions. Though taken off his guard, Lucius and the others defended themselves bravely, and put their assailants to flight. The contest was short, sharp, and silent; the three disappeared in the shade, and Lucius and his followers returned to their refuge.

The young nobleman was in great anxiety about his friend, Clement, and he passed many hours of the day in observing the country through an opening which commanded an extensive view.

One day he was quite absorbed in his work of watching. Some distance off on the smiling hills young girls walked, crowned with roses, singing the divine beauty of nature; white oxen, slowly drawing waggons, passed by, and flocks of partridges rose in flight in the delicious scented air.

In a broad valley many slaves were at work, tilling the ground, now bending their backs, now straightening themselves, their movements in rhythmical succession. On a hill white herds of cattle were grazing.

What has become of Clement? thought Lucius. If he is in danger, ought I not to come to his assistance? Or if he is a slave or a prisoner, ought I not to give all my gold to ransom him? He began to think of going to Rome with his freedmen for the purpose of obtaining information concerning him. For this end he would visit the house of Cassius, the boatman, who had often offered him his services.

He would have preferred to go straight to the cottage where Clement lived, but he feared to arrive there at an unfavourable moment. The watch kept on the Christians was vigilant in the extreme, and of this his friend himself had spoken the last time he visited Mount Albanus.

Meanwhile in open day, he spied a young man who issued from the thicket, riding slowly on an old horse. His attention, however, was suddenly called away. Shortly after he saw at the foot of a hill the gleaming of Roman arms, which soon disappeared behind the bend of the hill, to re-appear and again vanish from view several times along the intricate field-paths. Fearing an assault, he called his freedmen to him, and prepared for defence.

The youth whom he saw was the boatman's son. Linus, having come close to the young nobleman's abode, dismounted and tied his horse to a tree. He was then climbing slowly, like a cat, with the object of reaching the door of the hiding-place, when an arrow came whizzing through the air, and pierced his head. He fell backwards, bleeding, among the bushes of wild rose.

Soon after Eusebius, at the head of his soldiers, approached. He told off some of them to keep guard before the dwelling of Lucius, and ordered others to follow him into the house, which, as we have said, gave access to the caves beneath the mountain. The slaves by whom the soldiers were preceded on the way from Rome bore torches to light up the underground darkness.

Eusebius with his party had entered the caverns, when suddenly their ears were assailed by strange and deafening noises. These noises came from the instruments contrived by Clement with a view to such an emergency as the present.

The exploring party was immediately thrown into confusion. "The wizards, the wizards," howled the soldiers in chorus, who, with Eusebius, ran, they knew not whither, in the darkness, the

terrified slaves having let fall the torches, which at once went out.

All sought anxiously for the exit, but instead they only lost themselves in the intricate underground passages, where at one particular point they heard the sound of falling waters, while the din that had frightened them grew fainter and fainter.

The soldiers who had remained on guard outside, after waiting some time in vain for the return of Eusebius and those who had followed him, began to fear that some mishap had befallen him. They had not courage enough to enter the house themselves, and so they returned to Rome to bring word to the prefect of the disappearance of their captain and the others.

Lucius all this time lay concealed with his freedmen in a spot at a considerable distance from the entrance, and as soon as night had come he went out with them into the open air, through an aperture which with much labour he had made in his days of leisure. They proceeded noiselessly along a path different from that by which he had come with Clement, and, after emerging from the forests, they bought three horses, for which they paid handsomely, and then, avoiding the more frequented paths, they resumed their journey in the direction of the boatman's house.

Lucius was almost thankful to his assailants for giving him so prompt and legitimate an excuse for interrupting the inactive life he had been leading.

"The instruments of Clement have done us a wonderful service," said one of the freedmen, breaking the silence, "but it seems impossible that Romans should have allowed themselves to be frightened by so slight a cause."

"How do you know they were Romans?" asked Lucius. "For my part I believe that their arms were the only thing Roman about them. They must belong to the scum of the army, come, no one knows from where, after the last war. But, then, who can have set this expedition on foot? Who can have revealed the secret of my hiding-place? I am trying to unravel some mysteries that perplex me, to recall the names of those who professed friendship for my father, and then turned their backs on him when they learned that he was a Christian."

A moaning sound came from a spot where there was a fountain, and interrupted his words.

"Some one has need of help," he muttered, at the same time dismounting and moving towards the spring, followed by his freedmen.

A little girl was weeping bitterly, her head resting on the grass. Lucius lifted her up and caressed her tenderly.

"Who has brought you here?" he enquired.

"Achilles," she answered.

"Who is this Achilles?"

"A slave," was her reply.

"But where is your house?" he asked.

She turned round to see if it was in sight and then said: "It is now night and I cannot see it: it is close to the torrent."

Just then a man's voice was heard calling "Romana, Romana."

"Ah! my father," exclaimed the little one.

A man hastily appeared who seized the child and pressed her to his bosom, kissing her with savage vehemence all the time.

It was Faustus, one of Statilia's slaves. He had failed to perform some difficult games to the satisfaction of his mistress, and so the inhuman woman had ordered that he should be well scourged, and that his little daughter, his only one, should be taken from him and flung into the torrent. Achilles, however, another slave, had not the heart to execute the cruel deed, and he informed her father that he would bring her to a place of safety, indicating the exact spot, the fountain by the three pomegranate trees. Now, the poor father was much afflicted; he knew not where to take refuge with his little one so as to escape the vengeance of his mistress.

"Give me the child," said Lucius, "I shall manage to hide her. Come to-morrow towards noon to the Aelian bridge: I will send some one to advise you as to what course you must take."

The poor father was in doubt, but the child absolutely refused to be separated from him.

Lucius, seeing the position of affairs, asked the slave: "Are your legs strong enough to keep up with the pace of our horses when the road admits of our going at a trot?"

"I can run like the wind," answered Faustus.

"Come along then with us," said Lucius; "it is well that the scourging has not weakened you."

He then remounted, and, placing Romana in front of him, continued his journey, followed by the freedmen.

The slave Faustus ran beside his little child for some distance. Then the three horsemen allowed him mount their steeds in turn, while they themselves went on foot.

On arriving at the boatman's house they found it deserted, and so they betook themselves to the shelter of a shady tree, where, in a low voice, they discussed what course they had best pursue. The little one had fallen asleep in the arms of her father, who was seated on the ground. They soon, however, heard the sound of oars, and Lucius, having climbed up the tree between whose branches he could see the river, descried a boat approaching slowly, but the morning mist prevented him from distinguishing the faces of the persons whom it carried. As soon as it had reached the bank, two men leaped to land: one was the boatman, the other was unknown to the young noble, as was also a lady who, assisted by Cassius, disembarked, and whose movements and gestures showed a certain quiet dignity and decorum.

Lucius jumped down from the tree and hastened to meet Cassius, who was not expecting him. He inquired about Clement, and briefly referred to the soldiers who had come to disturb him in his place of refuge.

The boatman, having told the nobleman all he knew about Clement, added that as his fever had grown worse, he had received a hospitable welcome in the house of the deacon Paul, who lived in the "Unfading Fields," not far from the catacombs, and who had promised to do all in his power to restore

him to health after the sufferings he had undergone in prison. There, too, he would be safe from the persecutors.

Cassius anxiously asked the young patrician for news of his son Linus. The only information that Lucius could give him was how while on the look-out for Clement he saw issue from a thicket a young man riding on an old nag, who, a little after, suddenly disappeared from sight.

"It was he, it was he," groaned Cassius; "he was on his way to you to bring you news."

(To be continued.)

Father Conleth Caldwell, C.P.



FATHER CONLETH CALDWELL, C.P.

attached to that diocese (says the *Catholic Times*) Father Conleth erected schools at Turbotstown, Whitehall and Finea. He had charge of Taughmon, "the mountain parish," from 1867 to 1869, and during his pastorate improved and beautified the little church, among other things providing it with seats, a convenience which the simple parishioners had not hitherto enjoyed. Father Conleth was of Protestant and English descent. He experienced the singular happiness of seeing his grandfather, a Protestant and an Englishman, received into the Church, of which he proved a worthy member. Father Conleth was a cousin of the late Most Rev. Dr. Nulty, Bishop of Meath, and of the late Rev. Father Richard O'Neill, the well-known "Priest of Tyldesley."

In 1884, succeeding the death of his father, Father Conleth joined the Passionist Order, the canonisation of whose founder—St. Paul of the Cross—he attended with Bishop Nulty in 1867. Leaving the noviciate at Broadway, Worcestershire, he was sent to Harborne, then to the various Irish houses of the Order, and finally to Sutton, Lancashire.

Death has been unusually busy this year amongst the Passionist communities of these countries, and has removed several whose lives could be ill spared. Its latest victim, Father Conleth Caldwell, though he had reached the ripe old age of seventy-one, was still active in spite of his infirmities, and will be sadly missed by many who had the best reasons to know his worth as confessor and spiritual director: for it was chiefly in these capacities that his priestly zeal found expression.

Father Caldwell was born at Crossdrum, Oldcastle, County Meath, on September 20th, 1840. He made his ecclesiastical studies at Limouges, where he was ordained priest in 1863, and afterwards served as a secular priest for more than twenty years in his native diocese of Meath. Whilst

Discussing his connection with Parnell and the Irish movement, Father Conleth spoke freely to a *Catholic Times* reporter a short time ago. He narrated with a grasp of detail which was something remarkable the story of Parnell's introduction into the field of Irish politics. The young ecclesiastic, then a tutor at Mullingar, brought the future Irish leader to Rochfort Bridge, and there introduced him to Bishop Nulty. Father Conleth induced his Lordship to favour Parnell with his influence, pointing out that the people were determined to have him at all costs. Many years before the advent of Parnell, Father Conleth greatly interested himself in the temporal as well as the spiritual welfare of the Irish people of his district. He waged a hard and successful fight against the proselytising agents, then so common in Ireland, and particularly against a set of landowners, who lent out money at interest to their poor tenants and neighbours. When unable to pay at the stipulated time, the unfortunate debtors were compelled, under threats of legal penalties, to send their children to the Protestant schools. This insidious system received its death-blow from Bishop Nulty, who, on the representations of Father Conleth, ordered that the last Sacraments should be refused to those Catholics who fell in with the proselytising plan.

Among his other activities Father Conleth strenuously opposed the Parliamentary aspirations of Lord Grenville's son. As a result of the part he played in the famous Cooke lunacy trials at Dublin and Mullingar, Father Conleth's name rapidly became a household word throughout Ireland and America. His evidence was chiefly responsible for establishing the sanity of Mr. Cooke. The latter, said to have been an eccentric man, made a will in favour of a Dr. Purdon and his son, who, whilst Mr. Cooke was still alive, took possession of his property and levied extortionate rents and illegal taxes on the unfortunate tenants, who, on refusing payment, were served with notices of ejectment. Their case was taken up by Father Conleth. He explained the state of affairs to Mr. Cooke, who promptly revoked the will on which the Purdons were acting. He made a new one in favour of Lord Longford, whom he greatly admired for his generous treatment of the poor in time of dire distress and famine. Lord Longford refused to accept the property until, at a meeting with Father Conleth in Mullingar, he was quite convinced of Mr. Cooke's sanity. Lord Longford became owner of the estate, much to the satisfaction of the people of the district, whose gratitude to Father Conleth was unbounded.

By a curious coincidence Father Conleth celebrated his last Mass on Wednesday, the 20th September, the seventy-first anniversary of his birthday, and also the anniversary of his mother's death.

Three days afterwards, on September 23rd, he passed to his reward, his life crowned with that crown which he had spent his long years in weaving—a peaceful and happy death. May he rest in peace.

Our Christmas Number.

We again remind our readers of the necessity of placing orders early if they wish to secure a copy of our special Christmas Number with its beautiful coloured supplement suitable for framing. The price will be as last year, threepence, or fourpence-halfpenny post free. The magazine may be ordered from any newsagent, but should be ordered *at once*. Orders sent direct to us should be accompanied by sufficient stamps to cover postage.

Provincial Jottings.

U.S.A.—The triennial Chapter of the Eastern Province of the United States Passionists was held in the first week of October, under the presidency of the Most Rev. Father General, when the following elections were made:—

Provincial: Father Stanislaus Grennan (re-elected); 1st Consultor: Father Justin Carey; 2nd Consultor: Father Paul Nussbaumer; Rector, Pittsburg, Pa.: Father Victor Koch; Rector, Dunkirk, New York: Father Clement Lee; Rector, West Hoboken, New Jersey: Father Linus Monahan; Rector, Baltimore, Maryland: Father Sebastian Oxenreiter; Rector, Boston, Mass.: Father Cornelius Thompson; Rector, Scranton, Pa.: Father Timothy Fitzpatrick; Master of Novices: Father George Basel.

The Chapter for the Western Province, U.S.A., followed, but the results have not yet come to hand. Father General is at present making the visitation of these Provinces.

St. Joseph's, Highgate.—We regret to record the death of Mr. John Olebar Payne, an old and highly esteemed parishioner. Mr. Payne was born at Camberwell, Surrey, 16th August, 1836, was educated at the University College School, London, and entered St. Peter's College, Cambridge, in 1856, where he took his M.A. degree in 1859. In 1863 he married Ann Alice Stevenson, daughter of Rev. Joseph Stevenson, an Anglican clergyman, who himself became a convert, and eventually a Jesuit Father. Mr. Payne was subsequently ordained an Anglican clergyman, but in 1873 was received into the Catholic Church. He was of antiquarian tastes, and much interested in Catholic history, contributing, among other works, "Records of the English Catholics of 1715," "The English Catholic Nonjurors of 1715," "Old English Catholic Missions."

He came to Highgate in 1881, and from 1882 until his death resided at 2 Holly-village. Eventually seized with paralysis, he died on 10th October, fortified with all the rites of the Church. In his last illness he was attended by Father Celestine, C.P. On 13th October he was interred in Highgate Cemetery after a Requiem Mass at St. Joseph's Church, celebrated by Father Celestine, who also performed the last offices at the graveside. R.I.P.

We are glad to announce that a Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society is being established, to take up the work of looking after

the poor of the parish, and of visiting them in their homes. A number of the most influential gentlemen of the parish met in the Monastery on Monday, October 9th, to make preliminary arrangements. The meeting was very representative, and gives promise of marked success. Mr. John Noonan was appointed temporary secretary, and Very Rev. Father Rector and Father Chrysostom addressed the meeting on the advantages and pressing needs of such a Society in the parish.

Rev. Father Stanislaus, who during the month has been engaged preaching in some city churches, on concluding a Retreat at Bickerton Road Convent, on Saturday, left to open a Mission at Brentford on Sunday, 15th October.

Rev. Father Herbert, Vicar, has been absent for some weeks giving Retreats and Missions in Scotland and the North of England.

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St. Mary's, Harbourne, Birmingham.—A very necessary improvement has been made in answer to the Rector's appeal of last month. The organ, which has of late years shown signs of wear and tear, has been thoroughly renovated, and one has only to compare its present tone and volume with its past efforts to appreciate the change. The only thing to mar our pleasure is the resignation of our talented young organist—Master Fred. Short, who is leaving us for a very big position in the musical world in America. We predict and pray that he will

have a very prosperous career in the new world, whither he sails on October 21st by the S.S. "Mauretania" for New York.

The Rector preached charity sermons on October 15th at Bollington, in Shropshire, and the Vicar performed a similar task at St. Vincent's, Sally Oak. We regret to hear that Father Camillus is very ill at our Retreat of Herne Bay, whither he had gone for a well-earned rest; we trust he will soon be better and among us once more in Harborne, where he is a great favourite.

The Feast of the Seven Dolours of our Lady was kept with befitting solemnity, and at the evening service Father Raymund preached on "The Grace of Grief."

The Brothers of the Passion held their first smoking concert of the winter season on October 17th, a most successful function.

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St. Saviour's Retreat, Broadway.—On November 12th, the feast of the Patronage of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Father Edmund McIntyre, C.P., will celebrate the golden jubilee of his religious profession. Solemn High Mass will be sung at 10 o'clock on that morning in our Church of St. Saviour's, Broadway. Many of his friends, whose residence though not in Broadway is near enough to enable them to reach St. Saviour's, will, we are sure, be present to tender their congratulations. In a previous issue we have called the attention of our readers to a circular from his Lordship the Earl of Gainsborough and others of his friends, anent a presentation to be made to this venerable religious on the occasion. Those who wish to contribute may do so by communicating with Madame De Navarro, Court Farm, Broadway, Worcs., who is treasurer to the committee, or with Father Anselm, C.P., St. Saviour's, Broadway, Worcestershire, secretary.

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St. Anne's, Sutton.—We are pleased to record the reception of a beautiful oil painting of the Venerable Father Dominic. It represents the vision which Father Dominic had of our Blessed Lady and the Divine Child. The picture is en-

cased in a rich gilt frame, and hangs above the centre of the vestment table in the sacristy. Our thanks are due to the Most Rev. Father General, who is the generous donor.

The annual "Field Sports" is an event in the life of St. Anne's eagerly looked forward to by the rising generation. They are usually held on Whit Monday, but owing to the Coronation celebrations they were declared off. The youngsters soon made known their desire to the new Rector to have them held within the year. An energetic committee was formed to make the necessary arrangements, and a day was fixed. The elements, however, were so unpropitious that the sports could not be held in the field, and an adjournment was made to the schools. There, under the kind supervision of the Fathers and the good Sisters of the Cross and Passion and their teachers, the little ones were regaled with tea and cakes, to the accompaniment of the strains of a brass band.

On Rosary Sunday there was a procession in the church, and special devotions in honour of the Queen of the Rosary. The Children of Mary and the school children who took part in the procession were tastefully attired in white and decorated with wreaths. A sermon appropriate to the occasion was preached by the Father Rector.

We regret to record the death of Mr. Charles Morley, an old and respected parishioner of St. Anne's. A Solemn Requiem Mass was sung by the Rector for the repose of his soul on the 14th inst., after which the obsequies took place in our cemetery. To his bereaved relatives we tender our heartfelt sympathy.

During the month the Fathers were engaged in preaching charity sermons in various parts of the diocese. Father Ambrose gave a Retreat in Morecambe, and Father Francis (Vicar) a Mission in Sligo Cathedral.

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Mount Argus, Dublin.—Early in the month our newly ordained priests left for Broadway to complete their studies under the direction of Father Arthur. Twelve junior students, who studied in Broadway for the past two years, have replaced those left. They now com-



BETHLEHEM.

[*Hans Memling.*